

UNCLE SAM'S PART IN THE TRADE OF THE NILE VALLEY. HOW AMERICA IS INTERESTED IN EGYPT'S PROSPERITY.

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CAIRO, Egypt.
UNCLE SAM ought to flood the valley of the Nile with American goods. Business here is on the boom and trade is advancing at telegraphic speed. The Egyptians are making money and are buying more foreign goods than ever before. For ages they have been ground down by taxation that the skin of their stomachs have flapped against their back bones. Today they are fat, and the said skins are stretched like drum heads. They are eating foreign food, buying foreign clothing and spending money on foreign knickknacks. The British government, which now rules them, has cut down the taxes and is giving them a square deal. The banks are crowding the native shrocks to the wall. Its new dams are furnishing plentiful irrigation to a large part of the valley and the country has become financially stable. The Egypt of today is a new land, and for the first time its people are taking the position nature intended them to take in the markets of the world. The nations of Europe are awake to the new man, and are pushing after trade in every possible way. They are establishing banks, and are organizing syndicates and exploitation companies to exploit the Egyptians and get a share of their money.

Egypt As a National Customer.

Uncle Sam should study Egypt as a national customer, and should have his men on the ground to introduce his goods. Indeed, it is difficult to know this country and people without coming to see them. Since the beginning of history the Nile valley has been considered the garden spot of the globe. Its soil is as black as jet, as rich as gumbo, and the floods of the river annually coat it with a fertilizer as sustaining as the bonedust sold by the American meat trust. Such parts of it as can be periodically irrigated will grow two or three crops per annum, year in and year out, and many regions will produce 500 pounds of cotton per acre. Other crops are equally rich as to sugar, and every little farm pays a big interest on the money and work spent upon it. As it is now, the land is supporting more people to be cared than any other on earth. Belgium, that hotbed of industry, with its mines of iron and coal and its myriad factories, has only about 840 people per square mile; and China, the largest of Asia, has less than 250. Little Egypt is supporting almost 1,000 per square mile; and the bulk of them are crowded down near the Mediterranean, and are no more than three hours by rail from the seaports. They are so situated that they can be easily reached by water, and, with a direct steamship line from the United States, they can be flooded with American goods at the lowest freight cost. The North German Lloyd is now serving goods from New York to Egypt in eight days, and these goods are transhipped at Marseilles. By direct steamers the time might be cut down to two weeks.

But first let me tell you what the trade of Egypt amounts to. We are spending much in pushing our trade with China, and for a generation or more our papers have been full of the Chinese possibilities. As it is now the foreign trade of Egypt is more than one-third as large as that of all China. It is over \$200,000,000 a year, and of this \$100,000,000 is brought in from abroad. As to the exports, we take all and more than our share. But of the imports we get hardly a small part. In other words, we buy of Egypt from seven to ten million dollars a year and sell her less than one-tenth that amount. We do not sell her 1 per cent. of all that she buys and we take from 7 to 10 per cent. of all that she sells.

Moreover, our tourists annually go up the Nile by the thousands and spend as much as \$4,000,000. Sixty per cent. of all the profits of the Egyptian hotels come from Americans, and we ought to get our share of the trade in return.

What Uncle Sam Should Do.

It would seem that Uncle Sam ought to wake up and put his men on the ground. He ought to establish a more extensive consular service, ought to build a legation building at Cairo, and urge some of his financial nephews to open a bank or so here, with branches in New York and in the American ports. He should send out a commission to study this trade, and should establish exposition warehouses in Alexandria and Cairo, filled with the goods we make, so that the Egyptians can see them. This country, which is formerly one of the editors of the New York Times, and later on served as first secretary to our embassy at Rome, has been by training and experience more a diplomat than a consular officer, although he understands the United States well and has had journalistic training before he took up diplomacy. As diplo-



THESE CAVASSES ATTEND THE CONSUL GENERAL

matic agent he is the guardian of the rights of all Americans who come to Egypt. None of them can be arrested without his consent, and any such arrest must be made by one of his own policemen, who are known as the consular cavasses. These cavasses attend the consul general on all state occasions, and act as lieutenants about his front door. They are Turks or Egyptians. Each wears a red cap, a gorgeous uniform embroidered with gold braid and a great sword at his side. These men are subject to Consul General Iddings, and they have the right to enforce his commands.

What Egypt Sells.

In order to understand this trade one should know what Egypt sells. The Nile valley is almost altogether agricultural. Egypt has 12,000,000 people, and two-thirds of all those over ten years of age are engaged in farming. The great money crops are cotton and sugar, and just now cotton forms nine-tenths of the exports. There is so much money in cotton that those who raise it do so as our planters do when cotton is high. They put all their land into that crop, and buy their meat and corn out of the proceeds. The Egyptian cotton sells for much more than ours. It is of a peculiar staple, and is so valuable for mixing with other cottons that we often buy from seven to ten million dollars' worth of it ourselves. In 1905 the crop sold for \$3.00 per bale, and the bulk of this went to England. As it is now, Russia is annually taking five or six million dollars' worth of it, France five or six million dollars, and Germany about the same amount of Egyptian cotton. The cotton seed is also sold, most of it going to Great Britain and France.

Indeed, cotton is fast crowding out sugar, and the sugar sales are not as large now as they have been in the past. They amount to about \$2,000,000 per annum. Of late Egypt has begun to raise vegetables for Europe. The fast boats which go from Alexandria to Italy carry green stuff, and especially onions, of which the Nile valley is now exporting several million dollars' worth per annum. Some of these are from England, and others to Austria and Germany. The onions are packed in bags of a hundredweight each.

As to tobacco, Egypt is both an exporter and importer. Egyptian cigarettes are sold all over the world, but Egypt does not raise the tobacco of which they are made. The cultivation of tobacco has been forbidden by law since 1890, and all the tobacco used is imported from Turkey, Greece and Bosnia. About four-fifths of it comes from Turkey. The total imports amount to about \$3,000,000 a year, and it might be said that tobacco is to see if our best Virginia weed could not displace that of Turkey.

Secretary Wilson should investigate the



EGYPTIANS LIKE AMERICAN COTTONS

chicken industry of Egypt. These people have been famous egg producers since the time of the Pyramids, and the helpful hen is still an important part of their stock. It brings in hundreds of thousands of dollars a year, and its eggs form one of the items of the national exports. During the past twelve months enough eggs have been shipped across the Mediterranean to England and other parts of Europe to have given one to every man, woman and child in the United States. The amount was in the neighborhood of 100,000,000, and the most of them went to Great Britain.

The Egyptians have an excellent climate for fowl raising, and they had incubating establishments long before artificial eggs hatching was known to the rest of the world. There is a hatchery near the Pyramids where the farmers trade fresh eggs for young chicks at two eggs per chick, and there is another, farther down the Nile valley, which produces a half million little chickens every season. It is estimated that

the oven crop of chickens amounts to thirty or forty millions per annum, that number being sold by the oven owner, and when the baby chicks are about able to walk.

The most of our incubators are of metal, and many are kept warm by coal oil lamps. The incubators here are one story buildings made of sun-dried bricks. They contain ovens which are fired during the hatching season. The eggs are laid upon straw in racks near the oven, and the firing is so carefully done that the temperature is kept just right from week to week. The heat is not gauged by the thermometer, but by the judgment and experience of the man who runs the establishment. A fire is started eight or ten days before the eggs are put in, and from that time on it is not allowed to go out until the hatching season is over. The eggs are turned four times a day while hatching. Such establishments are cheaply built, and they are so arranged that it costs almost nothing to run them. One which

will hatch two hundred thousand chickens a year can be built for less than fifty dollars, and an experienced man can be hired to run the machine, tend the fire, turn the eggs and sell the chickens for about a dollar and a half per day.

What Egypt Buys.

Egypt buys almost everything under the sun. Her imports amount to more than one hundred million dollars every year, and a large part of this money is spent for goods which are a specialty in the United States. She buys thirteen million dollars' worth of cereals, vegetables and flour, and of this, almost three million dollars' worth come from Great Britain, three million and a half from France, and one million from Italy, and four million dollars' worth from Turkey. Or, if you will, she buys about four hundred thousand dollars' worth from the United States, and that, notwithstanding we pro-

duce the best flour in the world and have a large part of the food of the Nile valley. The day of the pump and the windmill has reached the Nile valley, but so far, the most of the pumping machinery is imported from Europe. All the large land owners are now using steam pumps. There are many estates run by syndicates which are irrigated by this means, and there are men who are buying portable engines and pumps and hiring them out to the smaller farmers in much the same way that thrashing machines are used in the United States and Canada. Quite a number of American windmills are already installed, and the whole pumping of the Nile valley might be done by the wind. The breezes from the desert are as strong as those from the sea, and they sweep across the Nile valley with such regularity that wind pumps could be relied upon to do efficient work.

At present the most of the water raised in Egypt is by man power or by animals. Millions of gallons are lifted by the shadow. This is a long pole balanced on a support, with a bucket at the end of the pole, and from one end of the pole hangs a bucket, and from the other a heavy weight of clay or stone, about equal to the weight of the bucket when it is full of water. A man pulls the bucket down into the water, and by the help of the weight on the other end, raises it and empties it into a canal higher up. He does this all day long for 10 or 15 cents, and it is estimated that he can in ten days lift enough water to irrigate an acre of corn or cotton. At this rate it costs from \$1 to \$1.50 to give one acre of good watering, and there is no doubt it could be done much cheaper by pumps.

The Sakiyeh.

Another rude irrigation machine found throughout the Nile valley from Alexandria to Khartoum is the sakiyeh, which is moved by blindfolded bullocks, buffaloes, donkeys and camels. It consists of a vertical wheel with a string of buckets attached to its rim. As the wheel turns round and round the buckets dip into the water, and it comes up they discharge their contents into a canal. This vertical wheel is moved by one set horizontal, the two running in cogs, the latter being turned by some beast of burden. There is usually a boy, girl or old man, who sits on the shaft and drives the wheel round.

These sakiyehs screech terribly, and their noise almost breaks the ear drums of the tourists who come near them. I remember a remark that Justice Brown of our Supreme Court made while we were stopping together at the hotel at Assuan, which is just opposite the Elephant Island, with one of these sakiyehs in plain sight. "I don't doubt," he said, "that he should like to give an appropriation to Egypt, and that large enough to enable the people to oil every sakiyeh, up and down the Nile valley. I doubt, however, whether the fellows would use the oil, if they had it, for they say that the blind-folded cat will not turn the wheel when the noise stops."

There should be an opening here for American farming machinery. Egypt is raising wheat, cotton and flax, and the same crops that we produce in large quantities, and our machinery ought to sell well. It is not pushed, however, and almost all the farm tools come from Europe. Great Britain supplies the most of them, Switzerland and Germany have a small share of the trade, and after that the United States, as usual, far in the rear. We should sell these people plows and threshing machines, and light, well-made hoes and mattocks should be in demand. The new mode of the valley is dug over by hand, and wheat, barley and corn are threshed with flails.

The demand for farm machinery is increasing. There was almost twice as much sold during the first six months of last year as during a similar period of 1905, and the general prosperity leads to the belief that this increase will go on.

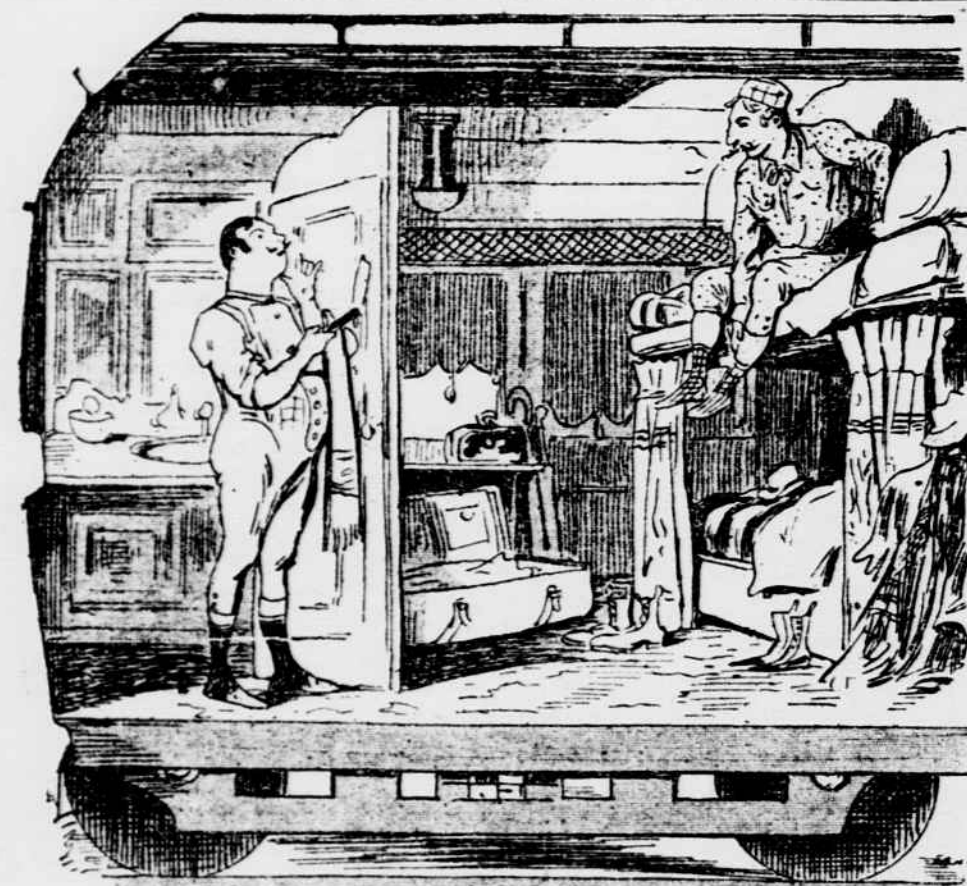
Egypt's Watch Market.

There is now a craze among the peasants of Egypt to own watches. They want a cheap article, and in many cases buy a fresh watch every year. As a result the Swiss and Germans have been flooding the country with poor movements, put up in fancy German cases, nickel and gun-metal cases, and are selling them at \$2 and upwards apiece. They are not equal to our timepieces which sell at \$1. Some of these watches are advertised as of American make, and they sell the quicker on that account. I doubt not that a good American watch would sell well here, and save the poor stuff now sent in by the Swiss.

Our American cotton factors ought to study the Nile valley. The 12,000,000 inhabitants of the Nile valley dress almost entirely in cotton, and we are making goods in our mills which could be easily sold here at a profit. Our cotton goods are considered far better than those of England or Germany in the other African markets, and there is no reason why they should not have a large sale in Egypt. Our country took \$50,000,000 worth of textiles last year. Almost twenty millions of that came from Egypt. It is a specialty of the balance of trade. We sent in from France, Austria, Italy and Germany. Turkey sold goods to the amount of \$1,000,000, and America came in with \$1,000,000. The balance of trade, by standing the greater part of the raw cotton used by the other countries I have mentioned was raised in our southern states. We ought to get the country to use our lumber, and we ought to have a share in the market for coal. There is absolutely nothing in the country and everything in that line has to be imported.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

ON THE BIARRITZ-LONDON TRAIN DE LUXE, WHERE ALL PASSENGERS OF DIFFERENT NATIONALITIES CLASH.



THE ENGLISHMAN ANNEXES THE BATHROOM.

Special Correspondence of The Star.
PARIS, September 21, 1907.
AN Englishman annexed the bathroom of the Biarritz-London train de luxe at 7 a. m. At 7:30 men of five nationalities listened to him waste the water. At 8:15 he came out, bathed, shaved, curled, staring down the murderers with icy nerve.
"It's the English who force others to be hoggish in self-defense," observed a thoughtful German.
"I say, Ethel, haven't those Germans done wallowing in the restaurant car?" an Englishman had grumbled last evening. "No, they're ordering champagne to hold the tables. We'll do it tomorrow. It's the Germans who force others to be pigish in self-defense."
An hour later an excited American was

putting all the blame upon the French. He had been forced to punch a Frenchman's nose right on the train.
"Why did he try to flirt with my wife?" the Englishman who forced men with wives and daughters to be—
"Pigish!" uttered his pretty wife enigmatically. Every one was in bad humor. Every one was disappointed. Every one was returning from Biarritz, most famous of European watering places, the most mad, where races clash.
Surely the Parisian men are maniacs on flirting, for example. Other races cannot understand it. They need no encouragement. This middle-aged beau had stood around the parlor sleeping car corridor, making eyes at the pretty American wife until, as an amateur Parisian, became ashamed of him. Profiting by the husband's absence in the restaurant car, he actually addressed her; whence the nose-punching, scandal and a process-verbal on

the train. Unless the American quits Paris he will have \$50 fine and \$100 expenses—and lucky not to go to jail for assault and battery!

Contact With Cynics.

On the "train of luxury," whose extra tariff more than doubles the first-class railway fare—itsself double the third-class—we are thrown in contact with cynical European living. All on board are delighted with a runaway couple, muffled in Chinese silk ulsters, Panamas pulled over their eyes.
"But it's nice and romantic!" protested the Englishman, until some one whispered to her the true, necessary situation. They are French; they are running off; therefore it can't be to get married—it is to get married in a runaway couple to get married in France.

Surely the English make themselves objectionable. The sleeping cars are cut into little parlor compartments by day, all giving on a side corridor. Well, two such happened not to be rented on leaving Biarritz. Both were immediately overrun, without mercy, by the English, who left their luggage in their own more cramped quarters, and even the haughty employees wilted beneath their heavy bluffs.
Surely the English are known to spend so much money in Biarritz, middle summer, but the English are a mile out of Biarritz. Probably the English are the steady heavy gamblers at the two Casinos. "Can't gamble at home, you know?" There is a long-legged, white-haired lady mother having helped him to do it. "I think she is the worst gambler of the two!"

Americans Disappointed.

The Americans are outspoken in their disappointment.
"I can't imagine why folks go there," complained the young wife. "There are no trees. The automobiles are always stirring up a horrid dust that ruins clothes. It's either sweltering hot or stickily oppressive. We paid \$10 a day apiece for two small rooms at the Hotel du Palais. Never ate a meal that cost less than \$8 for the two of us, and were so far from the after-dinner gaiety that we saw and heard nothing. A carriage to the Bayonne bull fights cost \$30. Every trip to St. Sebastian cost \$100. And all that to mix in a frumpy multitude that swamps the few real swells who show themselves."
"I went down to the Grande Plage at 11 p. m. five times to see the duchesses and marquises taking their sea baths in their corsets," said her husband, regretfully.

"What I saw was a lot of frumps in the ugliest hired bathing dresses possible. The fish wives of Cancale would make a better showing! Yes, at the casinos the scene was sometimes brilliant, but there is a vast multitude of third-class sightseers who are thrown in contact with cynical European living. All on board are delighted with a runaway couple, muffled in Chinese silk ulsters, Panamas pulled over their eyes.
"But it's nice and romantic!" protested the Englishman, until some one whispered to her the true, necessary situation. They are French; they are running off; therefore it can't be to get married—it is to get married in a runaway couple to get married in France.

"I took Olga and Maria to that pastry cook's," he said, a fine type of the provincial young Polish nobleman. "I saw three empty chairs near a little table. Well, a chocolate-faced ruffian put his feet on one chair. An ivory-tinted young brigand laid his hat on a second. A yellow-toothed Mephistopheles lolled his elbows on the third. All three stared at the girls, who had just laid out on a second, ostensibly, to offer Olga and Maria a place."

Spanish Noblemen.

"Why didn't you punch their heads?" growled the American, fresh from his own punch.
"They were a band of ruffians, all grandees of Spain. Last week they picked a quarrel with two French villa proprietors of mark."
"Resulting in a duel?" I asked.
"Resulting in an ambush," answered the young Russian. "Six laid for the two Frenchmen at a dark corner and all but killed them. The wild, untamed grandees of Spain eat pork and beans, boiled in oil on its lands eleven months of the year—and simply scatter gold about Biarritz in September."
The English plunger's mother had another explanation—Russian influence ruined Biarritz.
"Biarritz was a simple fishing village," she said. "The Spanish, down there, sweltered in the heat; came up here for the breeze, and so the Empress Eugenie, being a French lady, knew Biarritz. All passed on families. If a sudden rain came up, they ran into the nearest shop, sat on the counter and scarted out the shopkeeper to fetch them chocolate."
"When Eugenie became empress of the French she used to run down here to meet her Spanish friends. Scotch and English families learned Biarritz from her—her grandfather was a Kirkpatrick, and English and Scotch families learned Biarritz from her grandfather. No French came. Eugenie could not bring the old French families; they didn't

know her. Then some Russian grand duke was ordered to Biarritz for the quiet."
"Well, there are grand dukes and grand dukes," sighed the English lady. "The first Russians seemed an acquisition. All was still idyllic. No railway; no cooties; only one Casino, very correct, giving classical concerts for the ladies. Every one came to it of evenings. But with the Potockis, Narishkins and Dolgoroukis, the baccarat profits became very heavy. Bertrand, the gambling-club kink of Paris, got his eye on it. He came down; built a rival Casino; obtained permission for ladies to frequent the Casino. The Russians are so cheaply built, and they are so arranged that it costs almost nothing to run them. One which

will hatch two hundred thousand chickens a year can be built for less than fifty dollars, and an experienced man can be hired to run the machine, tend the fire, turn the eggs and sell the chickens for about a dollar and a half per day.

Russians Made It.

"The Russian taste has latent vulgarity," sniffed the English lady. "Biarritz society would easily have held out against Bertrand's fast innovations had not the Russians headed the rush to the new Casino with its painted beauties around the baccarat. The old Casino had to open its doors to like practices. Then the French came rushing in, thanks to Bertrand's advertising. The French began speculating in land. Villas ran up such as had never been seen. And Biarritz became suddenly the fastest watering place in Europe! It is nothing that Bertrand finally sold out to the Casino. The thing was done, and the English were rolling through the Garden of

France. Every time we struck a curve three dollars' worth of crockery would be dashed off the restaurant-car tables and smash on the floor. The average speed is considerably greater on these trains de luxe than on American or English fast cars. The average speed is very fast.

"The cars are filthy," said the American uneasily.
"But cozy," said his wife. "Our sleeping compartment is now turned into a snuggly little private parlor. Last night it was a red bedroom, with space to undress. And John finds the restaurant car between meals like a cafe."
The Germans were obviously finding it a champagne garden. It is the only long car on the American plan. The Germans have been eating and drinking at three tables all the morning, filling the air with Russian cigarette smoke ten minutes before lunch.

The Frenchman whose nose was punched is now flirting with an unattached French actress. She is gay, a good fellow, ready for an innocent lark. The German man curvy favor with their women by ostentatious frowning on her. The English ignore her coldly. The American reads his paper.

Only the middle-aged French flirt is aware of her presence. Naturally she is grateful to him.
At Biarritz continual scandals, frequently resulting in violence, have their rise in Frenchmen flirting with the Spanish ladies. The grandees are nearer American snobs on this subject, and all the Spanish at Biarritz are grandees.

"Two young Frenchmen took two beautiful things, and all the Spanish at Biarritz when the sea was very calm," the English

boy was telling. "All of good society, knowing each other. Nevertheless, when they came in, one Spanish father, two husbands and a brother-in-law went up the beach with those two Frenchmen."

"At the Municipal Casino a Frenchman had a pickpocket feeling (your pardon). A passing up a Spanish lady's money for her," he continued. "She had to stand close behind his chair, in the crowd. 'Look out, Maria,' whispered her father, 'I feel less pickpocket feeling (your pardon).'" "Nonsense, papa," she said; but the old grandee was vigilant, and he finally grabbed a hand in the crowd, close to his daughter's pocket. A Russian, "Two pants, alas! His daughter cried out with pain. He understood. The Frenchman had been holding her hand, very innocently, but that did not prevent him from slapping the flitter across the head with his cane!"

"The French are unspeakable!" sighed the British lady.

"My God, those English," giggled one of two French couples that had done nothing but blegging from Biarritz to the suburbs of Paris. They criticize every one. "Macbean, go to!" (In French slang a Macbean is a dead one.)

The train de luxe rolled into the vast central Paris station. Squeals of dismay came from one of the large compartments, and a door suddenly opened, disclosing Olga and Maria, half dressed, hurrying into their things while mamma and the maid packed feathers.

"Slovenly, disgusting Russians!" commented the British lady, as I helped her get her bags out of the compartment she had not paid for.

STERLING HEILIG.



ONLY THE MIDDLE-AGED FRENCH FLIRT IS AWARE OF THE UNATTACHED ACTRESS.